

# THE KING and the BISHOP.

OR,

Unlearned Men, hard matters out can find,  
When Learned Bishops, Princes eyes do blind.  
To the Tune of, *Chevy-Chase.*



**I**n Popish time when Bishops proud  
in England did bear sway,  
Their Lordships did like Princes Live,  
and kept all at obey:  
Their Palaces with Arrace hang'd,  
their houses shin'd with gold:  
Their train of gallant Gentlemen,  
most stately to behol'd.  
A King then in this Land did Reign,  
(some say 'twas old Henry)  
One day he for a Bishop sent,  
his Scholar-ship to try:  
Then straightway to the Court he went,  
in all his Pomp and State,  
And took it for a favour great,  
upon the King to wait,  
And when he came unto the King  
he did both bow and bend,  
His Graces pleasure he did crave,  
why he for him did send:  
Bishop (quoth he) I sent for thee,  
to put thee to a task,  
And I Resolved true will be  
of three things I will ask.  
And three weeks time I will thee give  
on it to meditate,  
And then if you not tell me true,  
I vow to have thy pate:  
If that it like your Majesty,  
(the Bishop then did say)  
He try the utmost of my skill,  
your will for to obey.

The first thing now (then said the King)  
is this that I would know,  
Unto a very hour the time  
a traveller may go  
About the vast and spacious world,  
and then Return again  
Unto the place he did set forth,  
and this I know would pain.  
The second thing that tell you must,  
even to one poor half-crown,  
What I am worth, that am a King;  
(this made the Bishop frown)  
The third thing it is this (he said)  
the which you must explain,  
To tell to me what I do think,  
when you come here again.  
And so good Bishop you do know  
what things I do desire,  
And for to be resolv'd therefore  
of you I do require:  
Tell me the truth and keep your time,  
or else your head shall fire  
From off your shoulder when you come  
your wits you now must try.  
These are hard things to be Resolv'd,  
unto the King he said,  
No man on earth can tell the same;  
I greatly am afraid:  
Yet I will try the greatest skill  
and so he took his leave:  
The task and sentence both were hard,  
which made his Lordship grieve.

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## The second Part, to the same Tune.

**W**hen he came home to Andy hard  
 the Bishop then did go,  
 His brains did hammer in his head,  
 his heart was fill'd with woe :  
 But yet for all his Learning great,  
 these things he could not find,  
 The time began for to expire,  
 which did torment his mind.  
 The heavy sentence of the King  
 did touch him to the quick ;  
 With Grief and overstudying  
 he presently fell sick :  
 The Bishop he a brother had,  
 a man that hard did fare,  
 A Shepherd by profession,  
 for whom he did not care.  
 This Shepherd when that he did hear  
 his brother sick did lye,  
 To visit him he did think best,  
 before that he should dye.  
 With much ado, at length he got  
 admittance him to see :  
 At Grief'd the poor man to the heart  
 at this his misery.  
 Saluting his Lord brother then,  
 ask'd him how he did do ;  
 He answered him with heavy heart,  
 full of Grief and woe :  
 You cannot help my misery,  
 no man my life can save,  
 The task's too hard for me to do,  
 the King my head will have.  
 Dear brother (then the Shepherd said)  
 to me your Grief explain,  
 And if that I can save your life,  
 I'll venture to be slain :  
 The Bishop told him every thing,  
 cause he ado did make :  
 If this be all the Shepherd said,  
 the same I'll undertake.  
 You know that we are very like  
 in person, speech, and face,  
 Let me put on your Robes of State,  
 I'll execute the place :  
 Your trains of gallants to the Court  
 must bear me company,  
 And if I do not tell these things  
 instead of you I'll dye.  
 The time being come next day he went  
 to see his Majesty,  
 Who presently was entertain'd  
 with courtlike courtesie :  
 Now welcome Bishop (quoth the King)  
 can you resolve me true ?  
 And if you cannot be did say,  
 I know what I must do.

Into your Graces question,  
 the first I answer make :  
 Let any man ascend the Ship,  
 and the Suns Chariot take,  
 In twenty and four hours time,  
 about the World may ride,  
 The which is but one day and night,  
 this journey to abide.  
 Thouarest true (then said the King)  
 unto the second then :  
 Now unto that (the Shepherd said)  
 I answer thus agen :  
 The King of Kings, our Saviour Christ,  
 for thirty pence was sold,  
 I undervalue you by far,  
 for all your Crown of Gold.  
 Then said the King, Bishop 'tis right,  
 what thou hast said before,  
 Now tell me truly what I think,  
 and I will ask no more :  
 You think that I the Bishop am,  
 the Shepherd then did say :  
 Why so I think, then quoth the King,  
 in spite of all I say nay.  
 You have confess'd I told your thought,  
 an't like your Majesty,  
 Although I wore the Bishops Robe,  
 a Shepherd poor am I :  
 One Father and one Mother both  
 we had and brethren are,  
 And for to please your Royal Grace,  
 my brother had a care.  
 He now lies sick nêr unto death,  
 and hither did me send,  
 Who bid me tell you all these things,  
 for fear he should offend :  
 Commend me to him (quoth the King)  
 and thank him heartily,  
 He now hath satisfi'd my mind,  
 and pleas'd well am I.  
 A hundred pound the King bestow'd  
 upon the Shepherd then,  
 And taking leave atway he went  
 with all his Gentlemen :  
 When to the Bishop he did come,  
 all things he did relate,  
 He thank'd his brother, and was glad  
 of this his happy fate.  
 Upon him he bestow'd a Farm,  
 of forty pounds a year,  
 As well he might for he did find  
 of him a brother dear :  
 And thus unlearned men sometimes,  
 hard matters out can find,  
 When learned Bishops miss the mark,  
 and Princes eyes do blind.